

## A GREAT INDIAN CHIEF.

### Death of the Famous Napoleon of New Zealand.

**His Life a Career of Savage Warfare and Bloodshed—He Once Held a British Army at Bay.**

Rewi Maniapoto, whose death was recently reported, was almost the last of the great chiefs of the Maoris. He was born in 1807, and was a warrior and leader in council among the Ngati-maniapotos from his youth. His earliest years, says the Washington Gazette, were passed amid savage scenes of inter-tribal strife, ambushes, fierce hand-to-hand battles, massacres and cannibal orgies. Hongi, chief of the Great Northern tribe of Ngapuhi, visited London, was petted by Exeter Hall, patronized by George IV., presented with a suit of armor and a gilt crown, and loaded with gifts. At Botany Bay, on his way back, he converted these into guns and powder, and on landing at the Bay of Islands proclaimed himself the Napoleon of New Zealand, entered on a career of slaughter and rapine, and swept the country south of Auckland with fire and sword.

His victorious march was stayed by the Waikatos and Ngati-maniapotos, and the tide of conquest rolled back northward. It was in these and subsequent inter-tribal wars that Rewi won his reputation as a fighting chief. When Sir George Grey, as governor of New Zealand, declared war against the Waikatos in 1863, Rewi became one of the leading Maori generals. For two years the struggle raged with varying success against ten thousand British troops, supported by a powerful squadron, but step by step, and contesting every inch of ground, the Maoris were pressed back to Orakan, where Rewi made a last heroic stand with three or four hundred followers, the remnant of his tribe.

He was besieged by fifteen hundred British troops for three days, during which the garrison were without water, and subsisted on raw potatoes and maize. At length, after repeated assaults had been repulsed, the flying sap broke into the trenches, and a storm of canister and musketry swept the works. Gen. Cameron, with a soldier's chivalrous admiration of the spirit and bravery of the enemy, offered terms of capitulation. Then a slight, wiry figure, with a closely tattooed face and fiery gleaming eyes, leapt on the breastworks, and flung back this stern defiance: "Ka wha-whai matau, toma, ake, ake, ake!" "We will fight on for ever and ever and ever!"

The stronghold was carried with a rush, but Rewi and a few others escaped. Realizing the hopelessness of the struggle, he successfully exerted his influence to bring about a peace, and since that time he has been a consistent and loyal ally of the Europeans, and a promoter of every movement

for the welfare of his countrymen. To the last his affection for Sir George Grey was simple and touching. A few months ago, when he felt that his end was nigh, he expressed a desire that they should rest side by side in one grave, and only a few months before his death a handsome monument, made in Auckland to the order of Sir George Grey, was erected with much ceremony near the old chief's home at Kihikihi. It bears the following inscription: "In memory of Rewi Maniapoto, the last great chief of Ngati-maniapoto, Ngatirankawa and Waikato."

## ALL EUROPE READY FOR WAR.

**The Great Nations Prepared for a Declaration of Hostilities.**

After the dreadful Franco-German war of 1870-1871 the principle of prolonged military service and of diminished annual contingents was given up, says McClure's Magazine. The monstrous principle of universal service was adopted instead. By this principle the whole nation is under arms. A country is no longer a country, a people is no longer a people; a nation is now nothing but an army, and a country is only a barracks. Everybody wears the uniform. Everybody is *sur le qui vive*. If war breaks out to-day all professions become deserted, all functions abandoned; the life of the nation stops so that national activity may be said to begin again only with the blood that is shed. Moreover, before two hostile armies, that is, two nations which are enemies, join in combat, each of the two armies, that is, each of the two infinite hordes which traverse their several countries to meet eventually on the field of battle, will leave behind it a country in famine, its factories silent and its trade paralyzed. Again, enormous stocks of food supplies must be accumulated on the frontiers where the two armies are likely to meet; but before reaching these inexhaustible magazines the armies must be fed while crossing their own territories, and that requires money. So, that, before even the first gun is fired, each army will have expended enormous sums and left in its train towns and villages stripped of men and beasts, the cities in famine, the country without a single tiller of the field.

### Carnot and the Figure Seven.

The French papers have been noting the curious way in which the career of President Carnot was connected with the figure "7." He was born in 1837, was admitted to the Ecole polytechnique in 1857, was elected by virtue of article 7 of the constitution to the office of president of the republic in 1887, was assassinated at the age of 57 years, in the seventh year of his presidency, in a carriage containing seven persons (four inside and three outside, a coachman and two footmen), on the seventh day of the week, by an Italian (a word of seven letters) named Cesario (also formed of seven letters). Finally, he was borne in triumph to the Pantheon on the first day of the seventh month of the year, seven days after his death.

## FAD FOR ENGLISH MAIDS.

**The Flirtatious and Pilfering Pauline Being Displaced by Slow-Going Susan.**

The stern fiat has been pronounced against the French maid. Paulines, Suzettes and Sophies by the score are, with their deft fingers, dainty ways, caressing voices and most pure of Parisian accents, vainly searching for comfortable situations known of yore, says Demorest's Magazine, and wrathfully discover they have been replaced by middle-aged English women. No one can exactly put her finger on the cause of the revolution, but everyone hears rather black accounts of the Parisian paragons. The New York mistress is mild and long-suffering, but Pauline evidently went a step too far in her quarrels below stairs, her flirtations with the butler and the pilfering of petty trifles, and now her day is over. Her once devoted mistress vows she is glad and has at last found a true treasure in Hollis, her English maid. Hollis is quite all one ever read about in English novels. She is a staid and stately person, no longer in her first youth, and though she cannot embroider madam's filmy mouchoirs and underlinen, tie the sweetest bow-knot in a trice, chatter the gayest gossip in the most faultless accent and pay madam the neatest little compliments, she is a remarkably capable person. She has brought a recommendation from some titled English lady, who affirms that Hollis is a faultless traveler and does hair very well, also plain sewing. The American mistress finds all that true. Hollis is not ill a day at sea, she is something of a masseuse, and she is worth an army of men on journeys. She is a stern but perfect chaperon, she knows all about getting tickets, checking luggage, booking at hotels, tipping other servants and getting her rights. There is a class of English maids in New York who only attend ladies when traveling. Some of them have been all over the world, up the Nile, across Russia, and even to the Chinese wall; and once in the hands of one of these women one can travel in joy and peace. They are engaged to accompany young ladies as chaperons when trips are to be made, and rarely ask for employment in a settled position. Of course they receive high wages and all their expenses paid.

### Relatives of Robespierre.

The only male relatives of Robespierre living in France, according to a Paris paper, are Maximilian de Robespierre, who owns a tile manufactory, and his son, now eighteen years old. He appeared in a Paris court the other day sponsor of one of his employees, who had run over a boy, and announced that he was a grandnephew of the notorious bearer of his name. He is an intelligent man, forty-five years old, and a graduate of a school of mines. When asked regarding his family papers he said that his uncle, Henri de Robespierre, had fled with them to America at the time of the Restoration and that nothing had been heard of him or them since then.